

Do you see it too? by AmIahumanornah

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Summary:

Augusta, Maine's laboratory had secrets bigger than area 51. The government wanted to make brainless slaves and soldiers to command without protest. Zachary Denbrough is one of the leading scientists and his wife was one of few to become a successful servant. Blood was a reason why she was successful, that's how Bill and Georgie are brought into the lab. But instead of closing his mind, the experiments opens Bill's eyes to a darker truth.

But the solution is for some reason all the way over in Derry, Maine where six kids live their normal lives. Richie, Stan and Eddie go to the quarry all time for some release from the world. But when they find a weird boy there, their lives get stranger. Along with the help from Mike, a boy who found his parents dead bodies after coming back from collecting eggs, Beverly Marsh a girl that let's just say is one of the most popular girls in school and Ben who only just moved

here with a hopeful heart.

Do you see it too?

He was in the white room again, the empty chairs on either side of the table were still in the same place they were the last time he was there. How long ago was that? Maybe five days or even a week. He didn't even know that much, the experiments must be working. But his mind was still full and working, he didn't feel empty or ghostly. Was that how his mother felt? Was she feeling perfectly fine, like she was doing every day things while really she was empty and obedient? Like a servant, an obedient servant that would do absolute anything for their master. He remembered the days where his mother would laugh and joke, tickle him and Georgie still they yelled for misery or when she cuddled them while watching a movie with carefree smiles on their faces, he loved the times they went baking in the kitchen always doing something nice like cookies or brownies exceptly eating one or two before dinner and being sworn to secrecy.

But then father came home smiling from work, he was a scientist of some sorts. They finally cracked it opened, they found out how to control people, to make their mind go blank and incapable of deciding for itself, they were close to finding a way to control people, to make soldiers and slaves. Mother was one of the firsts to do the experiment, she was one for years, taking medicine when she wasn't sick, writing reports for everyday things she did. Slowly their movie nights and tickle fights disappeared, their mother doing only minimum, she didn't really do anything but what was expected of her. What their father wanted her to do. She was a ghost of her former self and he hated how much his father smiled when he saw mom doing what she was told to do, nothing more or less. She was one of only a few successful experiments, they tried to figure why that was for years. They decided the reason was blood.

That's how Bill and Georgie were dragged into their dad's work, to be experimented on. It wasn't immediate moving into the lab, they still slept in their own bedrooms. They started slow, taking pills when they didn't think they needed to, getting tested on, writing things that seemed to meaningless to them like "What would you do at a picnic?", but important to the lab, to the government. They were being turned into robots, slaves, not even real humans. Bill hated it,

hated every person that visited their home in Augusta, Maine from his dad's work, hated how his younger brother Georgie was slowly getting his imagination drained out of him. He exceptly hated the trips in his dad's car to the lab that was ten minutes away in private property, no one could cross the gates without ID among other things.

Robert "Bob" Gray. The man that was, Bill supposed was assigned to his case, his experiments. He hated his smile when he followed his instructions perfectly, how he touched him lightly like he had the right to do it, Bill never said he could do that but maybe his dad did. Bill was an experiment, an experiment with no mind of his own or at least that's what the lab and Robert wanted from him, wanted him to be. He hated the fear that spread through him when he disappointed Robert or did something wrong, the frown that set on the man's face made him want to do anything to change it. Even if he hated him with every fiber of his being, the being that he wanted to control. It was slowly getting to him, but he'd stay strong for his mom that couldn't be brave, for Georgie who was too young for his crap and for himself.

A light touch on his back woke him from his thoughts, looking up to his right at the man that was on his mind. Why was he on his mind again? Was it the blue pills that he took or maybe they were the green ones? He smiled down at him, guiding him through the white room and to the middle of the room where the furniture lay, Bill seemed to be visiting this place a lot more lately.

He sat on the white plastic-like chair that he knew for a fact were rubber, he found that out after a particular mental breakdown he had where he threw a chair at Robert. He shuddered remembering the angry, almost frustrated expression on his face when he did that.

"Hello Bill" Robert smiled as he too took a seat across the table from where Bill sat. He hated his name coming from the man's lips, but he still felt deep down that he could listen to him say his name over and over for hours. Was it a personality disorder that the pills were giving him? Or was it him torturing himself into punishment for every second he wastes in this lab with these people?

"Hi Bobby" He replied, the nickname that was older than his visits to

this room. Bill couldn't exactly remember when he came up with the nickname or even if he came up with it. Maybe it was how he dissembled the name Robert, it was too formal reminding him that he was in fact only a project and how he was being degraded to nothing but a slave. Or Bob, it was too fun and happy to be described for the man in front of him, Bob was the name of your friendly neighborhood that invited you around for Thanksgiving or your uncle that always came to the family Christmas party even if he lived far away or your mother's boyfriend that wasn't the stereotypical abusive stepdad but the one that tried to rid you of your nightmares. Bobby was a name that tried to make this whole normal, seep some childhood fun into Bill's dull reports. He needed a name that made him a little bit more human, even if Bill was still debating if he wasn't a demon.

"How are you today?" He asked, Bill resisted the urge to roll his eyes at the question. This was always the first question he got from anyone, what was his answer supposed to be? What was the right answer to give? Was it really that important what he was feeling if he was supposed to be nothing more than a slave?

"Tired" He said, deciding to tell the truth. It was a one word response and he knew that he'd ask for more, but he hated to admit that he liked the thought that he wanted more from Bill, he wanted to know more from Bill, it made him feel a little less like a project to the man.

"Would you care to elaborate?" Was what Bill expected to come from him, he did want more. Maybe it was for the reports that he knew were being written by half a dozen scientists behind that mirror behind him. He knew it was a one sided mirror, he didn't really think that Bobby was a look-in-the-mirror kind of guy, probably too busy cutting things with his jawline.

"Like I've lived th-this day before, like I'm in a loop and going tuh-through the sa-ame day over and over a-again" He replied, watching as Bobby nodded thoughtfully, he wanted more from Bill. "But I also feel rea-ddy, almost excited for IT" He finished, he hid his smile as he saw Bobby's eye widen a bit at a mystery. Bobby liked mystery, he wanted to figure those mysteries out.

IT, he planned not to tell Bobby about the creature that visited his

nightmares nearly ever single time he fell sleep, but yet he still never remembered what it looked like in the morning. It seemed to have been always following Bill since that first pill he took in the fake safety of his kitchen while Georgie took one that looked to be identical, the first of many Bill thought. The creature was something that Bill didn't really think about, but he still knew it existed and things about it. He just knew like it was a second nature to him, every pill was like more knowledge about the thing that rested itself in his mind. It talked to him in his dreams, talked about anything and everything, twisting his mind to think and see things that seemed to be hidden in the corner of everyone else's eyes. Not his, his were opened and he could see everything that the creature that he knew nearly always had a bright red smile, told him about.

"What's IT?" He questioned curiously, his eyes searching Bills face for something. His long thin fingers interwhining together as they stayed laying on the white table that still had no scratches after the same accident that made Bill find out about the rubber chairs, he also threw the table onto its side. He had no nightmares that night which was percuilar after the creature had visited him every other night.

"I don'tt know" He replied, taking a breath before continuing. He would've stopped at that if someone else asked, but he knew how Bobby hated vague answers, it didn't survice his thirst for an answer. "But I know it's k-k-coming and that we should be preparing for it, I don't even no-no-know how oor when...I juh-just know" The words flowed out like they were escaping, leaving Bill's mouth to float into the air of the white room and to the people behind the mirror.

There was silence as Bobby thought. Secure in his own mind with his thinking going like a clock as it ticked with the words Bill said. His face was still as if he wasn't even in his body while he thought of all the possibilities that he was giving him. It was a good thinking face, it was one that was working on a slovtion on Bill's 'problem'. Not one that said he didn't like what was coming from Bill, that face was rare but when it was there, Bill practically begged to make it go away. When he did that, it seemed that Bobby's eyes sparkled, was it that control he felt? Or was it something else, he didn't know.

"Is it dangerous?" Bobby decided was the way he was going to approach this new settlement. What did it matter if it was dangerous?

Would they load more on weapons? More security cameras? Should Bill lie if that was the case. He did want to see this place be burned down to the ground, but while Georgie's there too?

"Very" His voice was calm, but his eyes were on fire. He knew the creature could possibly kill someone just with a twitch of it's head or move of it's hand. But it didn't like doing that, it wanted far more than flesh, it wanted fear too. Watch terror fill it's victims eyes as they stared at their worst nightmare before death would come to greet them with numbness.

Fortunately Bill didn't like that, it made him feel like a monster. He wanted to do it quick and painless or at least near to it. Death always has pain, it's unavoidably.

"Don't be a pussy" Richie scoffed at Eddie as the boy in question looked down to the water below the cliff that the three stood at, only in their underpants.

They were at the quarry again, it was a warm summer and the losers would be stupid not to go for a swim in the cool water that laid at the bottom of the cliff. It was practically a tradition to do this by now, they didn't even ask each other, they bikes just rode them there without even thinking about. Basically an everyday thing that was as simple as speaking English or being annoying for Richie. Yet every time Eddie still seemed to be scared of jumping into the water from above. Did his mother give him a daily report on the rate of water deaths and did they even change every day or does she just like reminding him?

"Why don't you guys go first?" Eddie snapped back, Stan rolled his eyes at his friends stupid delaying. Couldn't he just for once, jump from the cliff like an actual person. He either had to be talked into it or pushed and Stan just wanted to skip this part and go to the part where the three would joke around as they swam around the lake.

"Eddie, just jump" Stan huffed at him, he loved Eddie and how he was always concerned for his health and his friends, but he just wasn't in the mood for his friends stubbornness on jumping even if he did it

every time. The routine was getting old.

Eyes fell to the blue at the bottom, it smeared and sparkled from the sunlight touching it in such a certain way. It looked beautiful yet scary, how could that be? It was either scary or beautiful, never both. Trust Eddie to think that way, maybe it was the medicine. He took a deep breath that made his mind tell itself not to run for his inhaler, he didn't need it or at least he didn't want to need it. Before another thought could enter his mind and tell him that it was dangerous, he jumped, he jumped down to the water below with a scream that wasn't as loud as the time he first did it, a scream that wasn't really for fear but out of habit, habit of screaming and running away from something dangerous.

"Ladies first" Richie smirked at the curly haired boy, his accent was supposed to be posh British but all Stan could think of was, annoying, very annoying. But he still smiled at his friends stupid voices, they were somewhat familiar to him now. Like a state of safety for him, even if they were terrible and made Stan want to punch him, he wanted to punch Richie all the time.

Stan rolled his eyes at his friend as his only response. He didn't feel like talking anymore, he felt like jumping. Walking over to the edge of the cliff, he didn't even give thought to it as he usually would have. He jumped straight into the water like he always did, a small squeal coming from him on instinct at falling down. But he smiled, smiled as the air blew his hair back and pushed at his face. He smiled as he hit the clear water, holding his breath before kicking his legs. Laughing sounded around him, Eddie was next to him with a smile on his face.

"Watch out below!" A yell coming from above on the cliff. Stan widened his eyes before swimming away like all hell broke loose, he was not getting flattened by the trash mouth. Eddie swam behind him, even more panicked than he was when he was jumping. He probably didn't like the idea of getting dragged into the water by the diving idiot, injuries and diseases popping into his head as a result of doing so.

Author's Note:

This isn't the full chapter/story or whatever because I'm just trying to figure out how to use Archive Of Our Own. So hold out for the rest while I solve this mystery of a website.